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RAIDERS
of the
LOST ARK
FANTASTIC ADVENTURE
FROM THE MAKERS OF
JAWS & STAR WARS!

STAN LEE PRESENTS: THE OFFICIAL COMICS ADAPTATION OF...

RAIDERS of the LOST ARK...

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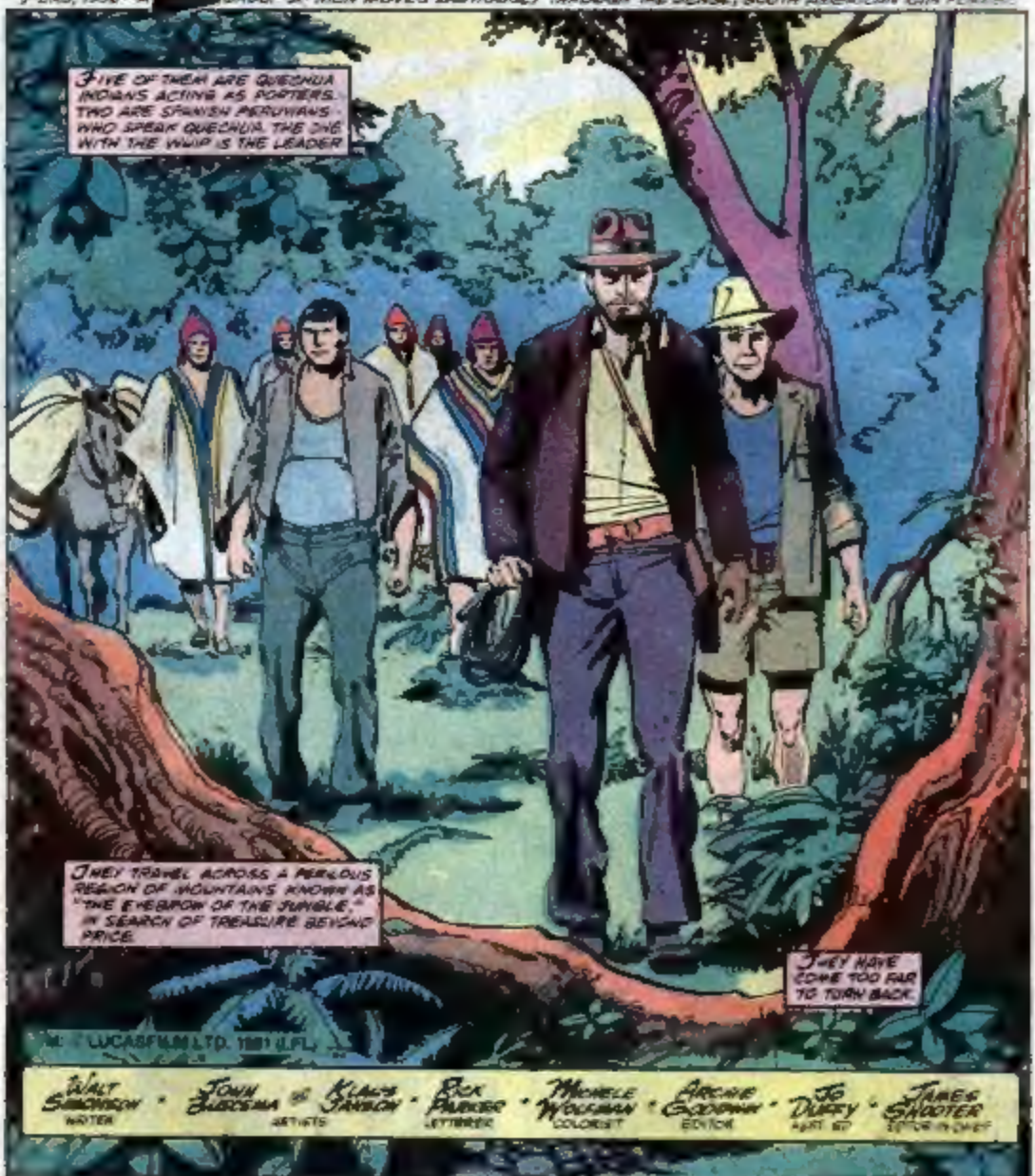
PERU, 1936... A GROUP OF MEN MOVES CAUTIOUSLY THROUGH THE DENSE, SOUTH AMERICAN RAIN FOREST.
FIVE OF THEM ARE QUECHUA INDIANS ACTING AS PORTERS. TWO ARE SPANISH PERUVIANS WHO SPEAK QUECHUA. THE ONE WITH THE WHIP IS THE LEADER
THEY TRAVEL ACROSS A PERILOUS REGION OF MOUNTAINS KNOWN AS "THE EYEBROW OF THE JUNGLE," IN SEARCH OF TREASURE BEYOND PRICE.
THEY HAVE COME TOO FAR TO TURN BACK.
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THEY FOLLOW THIS MAN-- INDIANA JONES, AN AMERICAN ADVENTURER, A TREASURE HUNTER, A SCHOLAR, AND MUCH MORE.
ONLY HIS IRON WILL HAS BROUGHT THEM THIS FAR...
...BUT EVEN ITS POWER HAS LIMITS.
WHAT IS IT, BARRANCA?
THE INDIANS, SATIPO, BLAST THEM! THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT THE CURSE AGAIN!
"BE SILENT, YOU FOOLS."
BUT THE FEARFUL BABBLE OF THE QUECHUA SUDDENLY INCREASES AS...
WE'VE FOUND IT! THE TEMPLE OF THE CHACHAPOYAN WARRIORS!
NOW WE'LL PUT THIS SO-CALLED CURSE TO A REAL TEST.
...WHICH IS EXACTLY WHAT THE MACHANE ARE AFRAID OF.
THREE OF THEM SUDDENLY DECIDE TO LINGER NO MORE IN THE HAUNTED LANDS; THEIR SHRIEKS OF FEAR ARE QUICKLY SWALLOWED UP IN THE ENVELOPING JUNGLE.
HOLD IT.

WE DON'T NEED THEM.
SO YOU SAY, SENOR! I DO NOT CARRY SUPPLIES!
NO PROBLEM. ONCE WE'VE GOT WHAT WE CAME FOR, WE'LL BE ABLE TO REACH THE PLANE BY DUSK.
NOW FAN OUT AND STAY ALERT! THE HOVITOS...

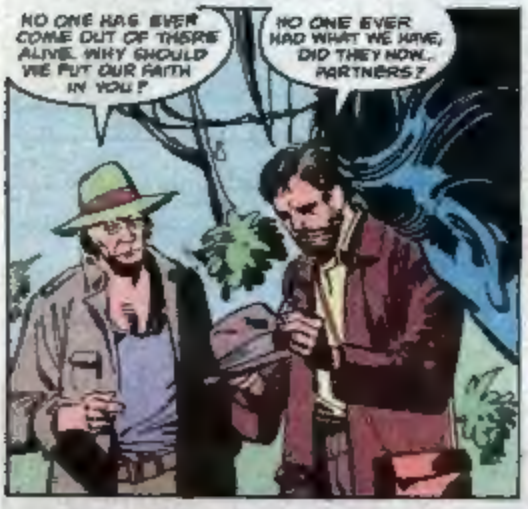
...ARE NEAR!
AND THE POISON IS STILL FRESH! THEY'RE FOLLOWING US, I TELL YOU!
IF THEY KNEW WE WERE HERE, THEY WOULD HAVE KILLED US ALREADY.

BUT THE TWO REMAINING QUECHUAS DRAW THEIR OWN CONCLUSIONS FROM THE TINY DART...

...AND THE ANGRY CURSES OF GUARANCA SCARCELY REASSURE THEM.

RELUCTANTLY THEY BEGIN TO MOVE FORWARD...
...ONLY TO COME FACE TO FACE WITH THE TERRIFYING GODS OF THE CHACNAPOHANS...
...AND THEY HASTILY DECIDE TO JOIN THEIR DEPARTED COMRADES.

THEY ARE NOT MISSED.
SO THIS IS WHERE FORRESTAL CASHED IN HIS CHIPS.
A FRIEND OF YOURS?
COMPETITOR. HE WAS GOOD. VERY GOOD.


NO ONE HAS EVER COME OUT OF THERE ALIVE. WHY SHOULD WE PUT OUR FAITH IN YOU?
NO ONE EVER HAD WHAT WE HAVE, DID THEY NOW, PARTNERS?

AS WE AGREED. HERE IS THE OTHER HALF OF THE MAP.
YOU CAN READ THE FLOORPLAN?

I SURE HOPE SO. ASSUMING THAT PILLAR THERE MARKS THE CORNER AND...

FUNNY. SATIPO LOOKS LIKE HE'S JUST SEEN A SNAKE.

MAYBE HE HAS.

THE WHIP IS A BLUR OF MOTION BEFORE BARRANCA CAN CLEAR HIS HOLSTER
KRAK!
PHO! I SWEAR YOU'LL NOT LIVE TO SEE THE TREASURE!
AS BARRANCA REDOUBLES HIS FURIOUS EFFORTS TO FREE HIS PISTOL FROM THE WHIP'S COILS...
NOW SWEEPS THE WHIP IN AN ENCIRCLING ARC. AND SUDDENLY...
BLAM!
...BARRANCA DECIDES NO TREASURE IS WORTH THE WRATH HE SEES ON THE FACE OF THE MAN WHO HAS JUST DISARMED HIM.
I... I KNEW NOTHING. HE WAS CRAZY. PLEASE! WE ARE PARTNERS!
OKAY, PARTNER!
LET'S GO.
KEEP THAT TORCH UP, SATIPO.
AND MIND THE TARANTULAS.
ULP
THE AIR IS STALE AS THE TWO MEN ENTER THE ANCIENT SHRINE. THE TORCH BARELY PIERCES THE ILLIMITABLE DARKNESS.
ONLY THE MUFFLED SOUND OF FOOTFALLS DISTURBS THE SILENCE.

AS THEY BEGIN TO PASS ARTIFACTS LODGED IN THE WALLS OF THE TEMPLE, INDI CULLS THEM EXPERTLY, SELECTING SOME, REJECTING OTHERS.
WAIT!
WHAT'S WRONG? ARE YOU LOST?
JUST CAUTIOUS.
SHRAKK!
OH.
FORRESTAL! HE MUST HAVE BROKEN THE BEAM AND TRIGGERED THE SPIKES.
PROBABLY HAPPENED SO FAST, HE NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT HIM.
WE... WE CAN GO NO FURTHER.
NOW, SATIPO

WE DON'T WANT TO BE DISCOURAGED BY EVERY LITTLE THING.
JUST STAY OUT OF THE LIGHT.
AND CONCENTRATE ON ALL THAT WEALTH.
SEÑOR, I THINK WE ARE NOW VERY CLOSE!
LET US HURRY! THERE IS NOTHING TO FEAR HERE.
THAT'S WHAT SCARES ME.
ABRUPTLY...
MIND THE STEP!
UHHH...!
CUTE. A BOTTOMLESS PIT CONCEALED BY DUST-COVERED COBWEBS.
TOO WIDE TO JUMP...
...BUT HARDLY IMPASSABLE

TOSS ME THE TORCH WHEN I'M OVER, SATIPO.
5 SECONDS LATER...
AND THIS TIME STAY BEHIND ME.
I THINK WE CAN USE ONE MORE OF THESE.
THERE'S PLENTY OF LIGHT, AMIGO.
MAYBE. BUT THERE'S A LOT TO SEE.
AND THE GLINT AT THE FAR END OF THE SANCTUARY, STILL BRIGHT THROUGH THE DUST OF CENTURIES, TELLS SATIPO THAT INDY IS RIGHT.
THE TEMPLE'S HEART. WE'VE FOUND IT.

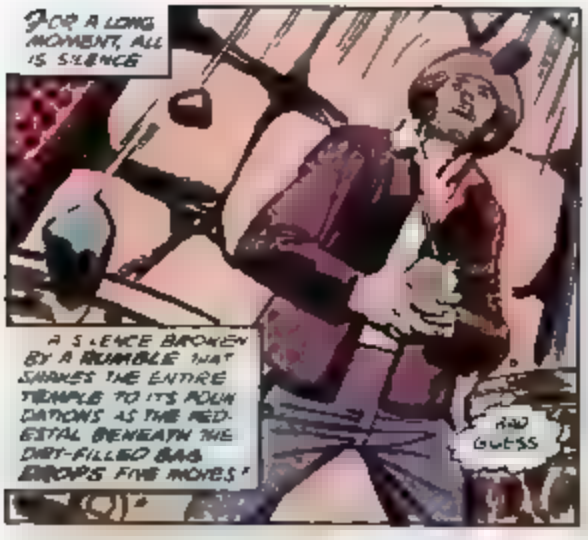
WHY... WHY DO YOU WASTE TIME TAPPING THE FLOOR? THE GOLDEN IDOL IS OURS FOR THE TAKING.
PATIENCE, PARTNER. IT'S WHAT YOU DON'T SEE THAT CAN KILL YOU.
CLUK THAT
LIGHT TILES ARE OKAY LET'S TRY DARK.

SEÑOR! THERE! IT CAME FROM OUT OF THAT HOLE!
YEAH, AND THE PLACE IS HONEYCOMBED WITH HOLES. I'M GETTING REAL TIRED OF POISON DARTS THIS TRIP.

His movements graceful and without haste, Indy glides across the sanctuary, always avoiding the dark tiles...

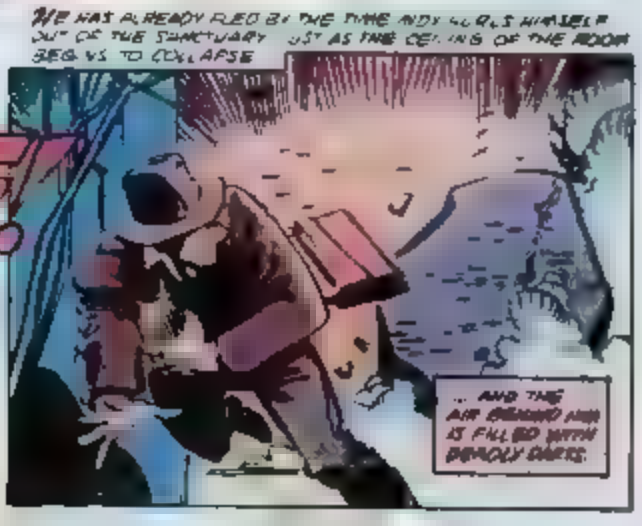
But instead of removing the idol, Indy takes a small canvas bag from his jacket and begins to fill it with dirt.

In the blink of an eye, the idol rests in Indy's hand, the bag of dirt on the polished stone before him.


FOR A LONG MOMENT, ALL IS SILENCE
A SILENCE BROKEN BY A RUMBLE THAT SHAKES THE ENTIRE TEMPLE TO ITS FOUNDATIONS AS THE PEDESTAL BENEATH THE DIRT-FILLED BAG DROPS FIVE INCHES!
AND GUESS

ALMOST WITHOUT THOUGHT INDY IS ACROSS THE ROOM STILL AVOIDING THE DEADLY DART TILES
GET OUT OF HERE SATIPO

BUT THE PERUVIAN NEEDS NO SECOND URGING
AIEE!


HE HAS ALREADY FLED BY THE TIME INDY GLOBS HIMSELF OUT OF THE SANCTUARY JUST AS THE CEILING OF THE ROOM BEGINS TO COLLAPSE
... AND THE AIR BEHIND HIM IS FILLED WITH DEADLY DARTS.

SATIPO HOWEVER IS NOT FAR AHEAD
JUST FAR ENOUGH.

NO TIME TO ARGUE! THROW ME THE IDOL! I'LL THROW YOU THE WHIP!

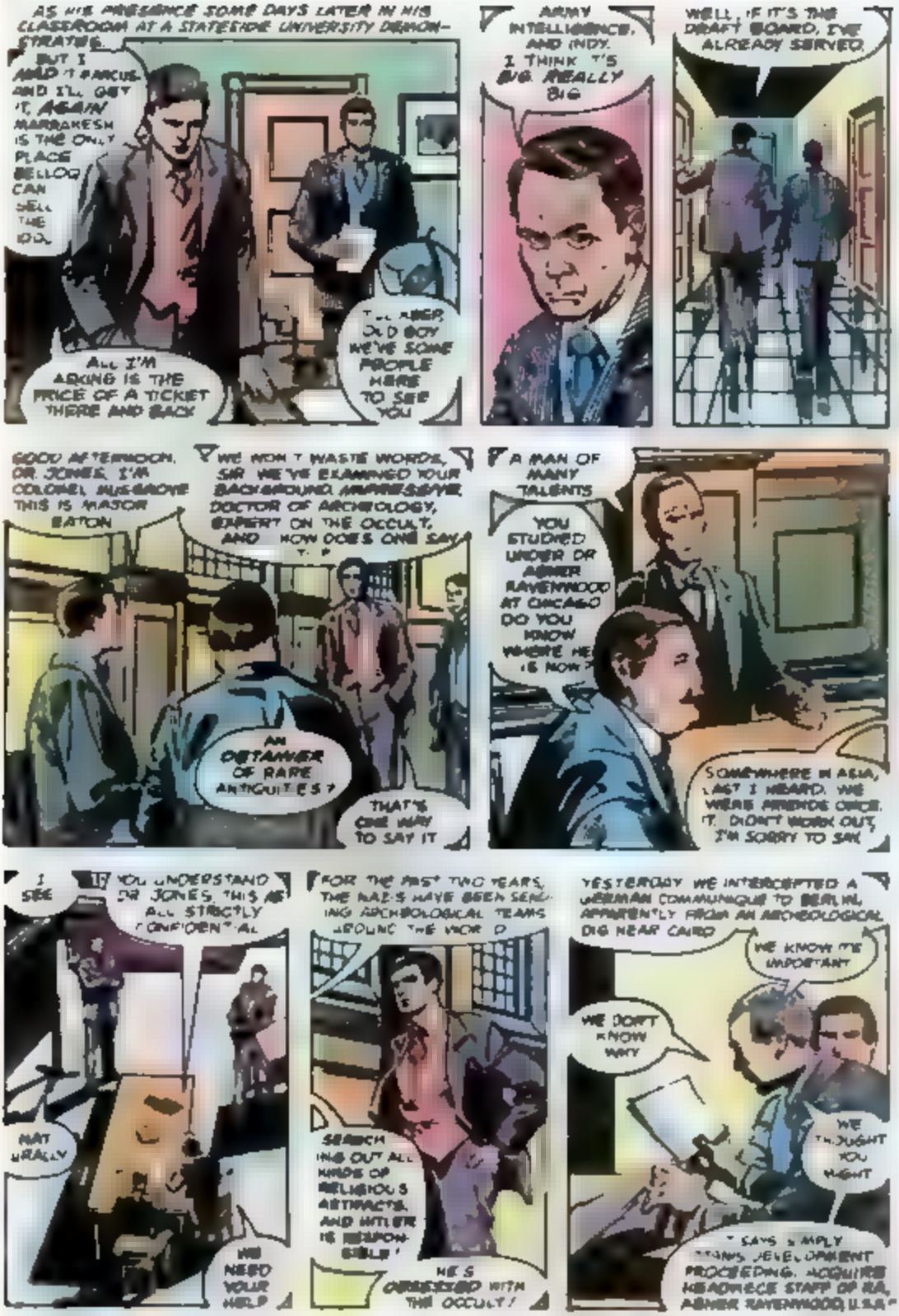
YOU HAVE TO CHOOSE, INDY!

AND INDY KNOWS THAT SATIPO HAS A POINT
HE REALLY HAS NO CHOICE.
.. NO CHOICE AT ALL!
ADIOS, AMIGO.
HE STILL
MOVING BACK TO GIVE HIMSELF A START, INDY TURNS
THEN RUNS TOWARD THE EDGE, FLINGING HIMSELF ACROSS THE GAPING CHASM BELOW!
ALL THE TIME HEARING THE ECHO OF HIS EARLIER REMARK
THAT THE PIT IS TOO WIDE TO JUMP
I'M SLIPPING! IF I DON'T FIND A FINGERHOLD FAST!

GOT ONE! WHEN I CATCH SATIPO, HE'S GONNA BE SORRY HE EVER-
YAAARRGGH!
THAT CAME FROM THE CHAMBER OF LIGHT WHERE WE FOUND FORRESTAL
EASY NOW GOT TO STAY OUT OF THE LIGHT BEAM
LOOKS LIKE THE GOOD GUYS WIN AFTER ALL, EH, SATIPO?
PARTNER
THE TEMPLE'S STILL SHAKING AND THE NOISE IS GETTING LOUDER
SOMETHING TELLS ME THE DIRTY TRICKS AREN'T OVER YET.
BOOM-BLAM-BOOM!
AND HERE COMES THE NEXT ONE. SOUNDS LIKE THE SHAKING OF THE TEMPLE RELEASED SOMETHING... SOMETHING BIG!
MOVE IT, MOV'! MOVE IT!

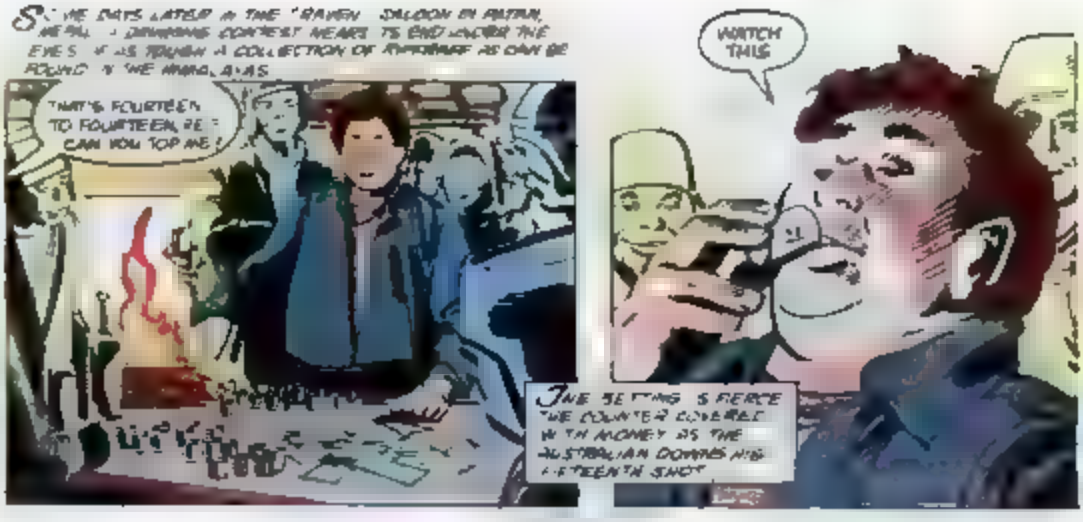
JUST ONCE COULDN'T I BE WRONG? THAT BOULDER WILL FLATTEN EVERYTHING FROM HERE TO THE TEMPLE'S ENTRANCE
INCLUDING ME!
AND THERE'S NO PLACE TO GET OUT OF THE WAY!
MAYBE THE IDOL WILL STAY HERE AFTER ALL
BUT MAYBE NOT!
WHAAM
THE HUGE STONE SMASHES INTO THE TEMPLE'S ENTRANCE, SEALING IT FOREVER WITH INDY ON THE OUTSIDE, WINGED BUT SAFE...
BONJOUR, DR JONES.
YOU CHOOSE THE WRONG FRIENDS, THIS TIME, IT WILL COST YOU
BELLOQ! WE RALLY WITH THE MONITOS!
AND YOU THOUGHT I HAD GIVEN UP.
AGAIN WE SEE THERE IS NOTHING YOU CAN POSSESS WHICH I CANNOT TAKE AWAY.
YEAH BUT DON'T YOU EVER MISS THE THRILL OF DISCOVERY, BELLOQ?

BWANA! THE HOVITOS WILL LEAVE YOU FOR THE SNAKES INSTEAD OF GRANTING YOU A CLEAN DEATH, IF I WISH IT
TOO BAD YOUR FRIENDS DON'T KNOW YOU LIKE I DO.
YOU SEE I KNOW EVEN YOUR SECRET FEAR
YES TOO BAD YOU COULD WARN THEM IF ONLY YOU SPOKE HOVITOS
WITH THAT, BELLOQ TURNS TO THE MOHAWS, RAISES THE IDOL BEFORE THEIR ASTONISHED EYES, AND SPEAKS IN THEIR TONGUE
THE RESULTS ARE DRAMATIC AND IMMEDIATE
AS IS MOI'S REACTION!
LIKE THEY SAY BELLOQ HE WHO TURNS AND RUNS AWAY
GETS SHOT IN THE BACK?
KILL HIM!
THE POISON OF THE HOVITOS DARTS IS FRESH AND DEADLY THE WARRIORS MARKSMEN OF RENOWN...
WHAM!
BUT THEY HAVE NO MORE SUCCESS BRINGING MOI DOWN THAN DID THE SNARES OF THE CHACHA POYAN TEMPLE
THE MAN MONKEY


AS HIS PRESENCE SOME DAYS LATER IN HIS CLASSROOM AT A STATESIDE UNIVERSITY DEMONSTRATES.
BUT I HAVE TO PARLEY AND I'LL GET IT, AGAIN! MARRAKESH IS THE ONLY PLACE BELLOQ CAN SELL THE IDOL
ALL I'M ASKING IS THE PRICE OF A TICKET THERE AND BACK
TAL ABER, OLD BOY! WE'VE SOME PEOPLE HERE TO SEE YOU
ARMY INTELLIGENCE, AND INDY. I THINK IT'S BIG. REALLY BIG
WELL, IF IT'S THE DRAFT BOARD, I'VE ALREADY SERVED.
GOOD AFTERNOON, DR. JONES. I'M COLONEL MUSGROVE. THIS IS MAJOR EATON
WE WON'T WASTE WORDS, SIR. WE'VE EXAMINED YOUR BACKGROUND. IMPRESSIVE. DOCTOR OF ARCHEOLOGY, EXPERT ON THE OCCULT, AND HOW DOES ONE SAY IT...?
AN OBTAINER OF RARE ANTIQUITIES?
THAT'S ONE WAY TO SAY IT
A MAN OF MANY TALENTS
YOU STUDIED UNDER DR ABNER RAVENWOOD AT CHICAGO. DO YOU KNOW WHERE HE IS NOW?
SOMEWHERE IN ASIA, LAST I HEARD. WE WERE FRIENDS ONCE. IT DIDN'T WORK OUT, I'M SORRY TO SAY.
I SEE
IF YOU UNDERSTAND DR JONES, THIS IS ALL STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL
NAT REALLY
WE NEED YOUR HELP
FOR THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE NAZIS HAVE BEEN SENDING ARCHEOLOGICAL TEAMS AROUND THE WORLD
SEARCHING OUT ALL KINDS OF RELIGIOUS ARTIFACTS, AND HITLER IS BEHIND IT!
HE'S OBSESSED WITH THE OCCULT!
YESTERDAY WE INTERCEPTED A GERMAN COMMUNIQUE TO BERLIN, APPARENTLY FROM AN ARCHEOLOGICAL DIG NEAR CAIRO
WE KNOW IT'S IMPORTANT
WE DON'T KNOW WHY
WE THOUGHT YOU MIGHT
"... SAYS SIMPLY 'TRANS JEKE DEVELOPMENT PROCEEDING. ACQUIRE HEADPIECE STAFF OF RA, ABNER RAVENWOOD, U.S.A."

TANIS! MARCUS, THE NAZIS HAVE FOUND TANIS!
IS IT POSSIBLE?
THEY HAVE GOTT THE EXPERTS AND THE FINANCIAL BACKING
BUT WHAT DOES IT MEAN?
IT MEANS THE NAZIS MAY BE ABOUT TO LOCATE THE LOST ARK
THE WHAT?
THE ARK OF THE COVENANT
THE CHEST CONTAINING THE FIRST TABLETS OF THE STONE TABLETS OF MOSES
THE ORIGINAL TEN COMMANDMENTS IF YOU BELIEVE SUCH THINGS
DO YOU?
HAYES. THE HEBREWS PLACED THE ARK IN THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON IN JERUSALEM. GIVEN TIME IT DISAPPEARED
IT WAS SAID THE ARK WAS CAPTURED BY THE PHARAOH SHISHAK IN 950 B.C. AND TAKEN TO THE CITY OF TANIS IN EGYPT
TO BE HIDDEN THERE IN A SECRET CHAMBER, THE WELL OF SOULS.
NOT LONG AFTERWARDS, THE CITY WAS CONSUMED BY THE DESERT IN A TREMENDOUS SAND STORM
THE UNWRATH OF GOD
POSSIBLY THE ARK WAS AN OBJECT OF POWER
AS THIS ANCIENT PICTURE SCROLL SUGGESTS
THOSE ARE THE ISRAELITES DEFEATING THEIR FOES WITH THE AID OF THE ARK
GOOD LORD! WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO BE COMING OUT OF THERE?
WHO KNOWS? LIGHTNING, FIRE, THE WRATH OF GOD. I BELIEVE YOU SAID
BUT HITLER'S INTEREST GENTLEMEN MAY BE PRAGMATIC. IT'S SAID THAT AN ARMY CARRYING THE ARK IS INVINCIBLE
WHAT ABOUT RAVEN WOOD?
TANIS WAS ABNER'S OBSESSION
HE NEVER FOUND IT AND HE TALLY TO ITS POWERS, INCLUDING THE HEADDRESS OF THE STAFF OF RA
SUPPOSEDLY, IT'S THE FINAL CLUE TO THE LOCATION OF THE WELL OF SOULS
IF THE NAZIS FIND THAT
DR. JONES, WOULD YOU BE WILLING TO TRY TO FIND THE ARK BEFORE THE NAZIS DO?
THE GOVERNMENT WILL BACK YOU UNRESERVEDLY
AND THE UNIVERSITY MUSEUM GETS THE ARK ONCE IT'S FOUND?
OF COURSE
INDY?
FOR A WHILE, LOIS THE ARK? I'LL BE BACK IN AN HOUR

SOME DAYS LATER IN THE RAVEN SALOON IN PILTON, AN ALL-DRINKING CONTEST NEARS ITS END UNDER THE EYES OF AS TOUGH A COLLECTION OF RIFFRAFF AS CAN BE FOUND IN THE OUTBACK.


THAT'S FOURTEEN TO FOURTEEN, RE - CAN YOU TOP ME!
WATCH THIS
THE BETTING IS FIERCE THE COUNTER COVERED WITH MONEY AS THE AUSTRALIAN DOWNS HIS FIFTEENTH SHOT

BUT HIS BACKERS ARE OUT OF LUCK

NO STAMINA EH RED?

AND AS THE TOUGH ROCK & ROLL IN THE CHEERS OF THE WINNERS HUMPHON RAVENWOOD THE SALOON'S SOLE PROPRIETOR

TOSSES DOWN HER FIFTEENTH SHOT AS THOUGH WERE HER FIRST!

THE LAUGHTER AND JEERS FADE OUT GRADUALLY UNTIL

HELLO, MARION.
INDY! HERE?
KRAK
IT'S NICE TO SEE YOU, TOO
NOT FOR LONG! GET UP AND GET OUT!
NOW TAKE IT EASY! I'M LOOKING FOR YOUR FATHER!
YOU'RE TWO YEARS TOO LATE.
OH, YES AVALANCHE WHILE HE WAS DIGGING. WE NEVER FOUND HIM.
SO NOW YOU RUN A SALOON
DAD LEFT ME IN A BAD WAY! BROKE!
SO I WORKED HERE. MR JONES AND I WASN'T TENDING BAR.
THEN THE OWNER WENT SNOW CRAZY AND GAVE ME THE PLACE AS HE WAS DRAGGED AWAY SCREAMING.
AHH CURSE! IT WORKED! I'M STILL HERE!
I'VE LEARNED TO ANTICIPATE YOU IN THE LAST TEN YEARS, INDY. BUT I KNEW SOMEDAY YOU'D COME THROUGH THAT DOOR.
AND I NEED TO KNOW
WHY ARE YOU HERE NOW, TONIGHT?
THE ANSWER IS A LONG TIME COMING
I NEED ONE OF THE PIECES YOUR FATHER COLLECTED
YOU LOUSY SON OF A... I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN!
LOOK AROUND! LOOK AT ME! THIS IS YOUR HANDIWORK!
I NEVER WANT TO HURT YOU MARION.
I WAS TOO YOUNG! IT WAS WRONG AND YOU KNEW IT!
I CAN ONLY SAY I'M SORRY SO MANY TIMES. BUT MAYBE WE CAN DO EACH OTHER SOME GOOD FINALLY
WHY START NOW?

JUST LISTEN TO ME. I'M LOOKING FOR A BRONZE DISC YOUR FATHER COLLECTED, SHAPED LIKE THE SUN. HAS A LITTLE HOLE OFF-CENTER WITH A CRYSTAL IN IT.
THE HEAD-PIECE TO THE STAFF OF RA.
AND MARION, I'VE GOT MONEY.
YOU DON'T LOOK RICH. HOW MUCH?

ENOUGH TO GET YOU BACK TO THE STATES. WHERE ARE HIS THINGS?
GONE, INDY. I SOLD THAT JUNK. HE'D WASTED HIS LIFE ON AFTER HE DIED.
RUINED HIM... AND ME!
BUT MAYBE YOU KNOW WHERE SOME OF IT IS.
MAYBE. HOW IMPORTANT IS THAT DOODAD?

$5,000.
I AM IMPRESSED. BUT I'VE GOT TO THINK THIS OUT. I'M USED TO BARGAINING WITH YAKS.
YOU'D BETTER COME BACK TOMORROW.

I STILL DON'T KNOW IF I CAN TRUST YOU. YOU SAID YOU'D COME BACK LAST TIME.
AND SO I HAVE.
YEAH. COME HERE.
BOSSY, AREN'T YOU?
THAT'S RIGHT. GIVE ME A KISS.

IT'S TIME I STARTED CALLING THE SHOTS IN THIS RELATIONSHIP.
AND LEAVE THE MONEY HERE.

YOU'RE STILL A SNOW LEOPARD.
ARE YOU COMPLAINING?
I NEVER DID. SEE YOU TOMORROW.

TOMORROW, INDY.
AND MAYBE I DO KNOW WHERE SOME OF IT IS.

$5,000!
ENOUGH TO GET BACK TO THE STATES, AND IN STYLE, BESIDES.
GOOD EVENING, FRAULEIN RAVENWOOD.
MY NAME IS TOHT.
THE BAR IS CLOSED.
WE ARE NOT THIRSTY.
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
THE SAME THING YOUR FRIEND, DR. JONES, WANTED. SURELY HE TOLD YOU THERE WOULD BE OTHER INTERESTED PARTIES.
NO.
AH, THE MAN IS NEFARIOUS. I HOPE FOR YOUR SAKE HE HAS NOT YET ACQUIRED IT.
WHY, ARE YOU WILLING TO OFFER MORE?
ALMOST CERTAINLY. DO YOU STILL HAVE IT?
NO. BUT I KNOW WHERE IT IS.
WHY DON'T YOU COME BACK TOMORROW WHEN JONES IS HERE, AND WE'LL HAVE AN AUCTION?

THE THIRD REICH WILL BE VERY GRATEFUL.
LISTEN, HERR MAC, I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU'RE USED TO DEALING WITH, BUT NOBODY TELLS ME WHAT TO DO IN MY OWN PLACE.
AND TELL YOUR MONKEY TO GET OFF MY BACK

the Secret Of the WELL Of the SOULS!

CAST

Indy ..... HARRISON FORD
Marion ..... KAREN ALLEN
Dietrich ..... WOLF KAHLER
Belloq ..... PAUL FREEMAN
Toht ..... RONALD LACEY
Sallah ..... JOHN RHYS-DAVIES
Brody ..... DENHOLM ELLIOTT
Gobler ..... ANTHONY HIGGINS
Satipo ..... ALFRED MOLINA
Barranca ..... VIC TABLIAN
Col. Musgrove ..... DON FELLOWS
Major Eaton ..... WILLIAM HOOTKINS
Bureaucrat ..... BILL REIMBOLD
Jock ..... FRED SORENSON
Australian Climber ..... PATRICK DURKIN
2nd Nazi ..... MATTHEW SCURFIELD
Ratty Nepalese ..... MALCOM WEAVER
Mean Mongolian ..... SONNY CALDINEZ
Mohan ..... ANTHONY CHINN
Giant Sherpa ..... PAT ROACH
Otto ..... CHRISTOPHER FREDERICK
Imam ..... TUTTE LEMKOW
Omar ..... ISHAQ BUX
Abu ..... KIRAN SHAH
Fayah ..... SOUAD MESSAOUDI
Monkey Man ..... VIC TABLIAN
Arab Swordsman ..... TERRY RICHARDS
1st Mechanic ..... PAT ROACH
German Agent ..... STEVE HANSON
Pilot ..... FRANK MARSHALL
Young Soldier ..... MARTIN KREIDT
Katanga ..... GEORGE HARRIS
Messenger Pirate ..... EDDIE TAGOE
Sergeant ..... JOHN REES
Tall Captain ..... TONY VOGEL
Peruvian Porter ..... TED GROSSMAN

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Produced by FRANK MARSHALL
Screenplay by LAWRENCE KASDAN
Story by GEORGE LUCAS and PHILIP KAUFMAN
Executive Producers GEORGE LUCAS, HOWARD KAZANJIAN
Music JOHN WILLIAMS
Editor MICHAEL KAHN, A.C.E.
Associate Producer ROBERT WATTS
Director of Photography DOUGLAS SLOCOMBE
Production Design NORMAN REYNOLDS

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